

THE  
*DEATH* of the *RIGHTEOUS*:  
 OR, THE  
 Discriminating Circumstances  
 That Favour the  
 DEPARTURE  
 OF A  
 Pious Soul.

Delivered at *Wigan*, April 18, 1695.

AT THE  
 OBSEQUIES  
 OF THE  
 Honourable and Vertuous  
 Lady *ELIZABETH*,  
 RELICT of  
 Sir *ROGER BRADSHAIGH*, of *Haigh*,  
 Knight and Baronet.

By *ZACH. TAYLOR*, A. M.  
 And Curate there to the Right Reverend  
*NICHOLAS*, Lord Bishop of *CHESTER*.

In the *SAVOT*, Printed by *E. Jones*, for *Sam. Lowndes*,  
 over against *Exeter-Change*, in the *Strand*, 1695.



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To the Right Worshipful  
**Sir ROGER BRADSHAIGH,**  
OF  
*HAIGH*, in the County Palatine of  
*LANCASTER*, Baronet.

SIR,

**T**HE common Pretence of Printing Discourses of this Nature, is, the Importunity of those that heard them; whereas I am prevailed with to put this into your Hands, because you did not hear it. The Subject, as it is handed into the World upon Occasion of the Death of that excellent Lady, your Grandmother, will receive more Illustration from the Brightness of her Piety, than it can

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*from the Clearness of my Periods : And, as it courts your Patronage, so give me leave to tell you, it expects your Consideration, You are just entring on the Stage of an Unsettled World ; and whether the Part you must there act, be long, or short, you know not. But this I know ; When-ever the Moment comes, wherein you must withdraw, the Words of my Text will be the Matter of your Prayers. Let me advise you therefore, not to leave that Important Business to the Vanity of an idle Wish then, whilst you may secure it now, by the Sincerity of a Virtuous Life. Not that you ever gave the least Jealousie to suspect your Converse. No ! The Hopes and Expectations of all amongst us, are, That the Temperance and Sobriety, the Decorum and Modesty, the Condescension and Affability, which are exemplary in you, will be very instrumental to reclaim that Degeneracy of some of our Young Gentry, which the Country doth lament.*



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

ment. And when I cast a Thought on that Generous Stock, from whence you sprung, I must conclude, that Ingenuity is intail'd upon you by Succession : For you know what our beloved Horace sings ; (and your Love for him, is to me an infallible Omen, that you will rather exceed, than barely answer our best Opinions of you ; for never any Man, I yet heard of, miscarried, that loved Horace.)

Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis, &c.

Since Haigh wanted a presiding Genius, the Orb we live in seems to have wanted an Intellect to govern it. What then shall I say ? I will re-mind you of your Promise, and our Desires, with a Scrap of our old Friend.

Maturum reditum pollicitus--- redi.

Lucem

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Horat.  
Carm.  
lib. 4.  
Od. 5.

Lucem redde tuæ, Vir Bone, Patriæ :  
Instar Veris enim Vultus ubi tuus  
Affulsit Populo, gratior it Dies,  
Et Soles melius nitent.

*My Compliance in Publishing these  
Sheets, at the Request of that Worthy  
Personage, who desires to be Nameless, is,  
to let you and him know, that I am his,  
and,*

*S I R,*

Your Most Humble, and

Cordial Servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

I

# The DEATH of the RIGHTEOUS.

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Numb. 23. v. 10. the latter part of it.  
*Let me die the Death of the Righteous,  
and let my last End be like his.*

**T**HAT there is a Reward for Righteousness, and a Recompence for Vertue, is such a necessary Article of Faith, that Religion can by no means subsist without it. For, Who would condescend to the severe Yoke of Mortification, Self-denial, and Bearing of the Cross, if there were not a Sceptre of Righteousness, and a Crown of Life, for him that overcometh? Who would be exposed to the Malice of Man, and the Fury of the World, were there no Future Recompence to reward his Patience? Or, Who would wear out an uneasie Life in the sharp Discipline of Christianity, if Life Eternal was not intail'd upon it? *For, if in this* <sup>1 COR. 5</sup>  
*Life only we had Hope in Christ, we were of all* <sup>12</sup>  
*Men most miserable.* But, so conscious is the  
B Soul

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Soul of a future *Audit*, wherein despised *Ver-*  
*tue* shall be exalted, and prosperous *Wicked-*  
*ness* depofed, that the lowdeft *Wretch* that  
 fpend a Thought upon it, falls to his Prayers,  
 and cries, *Let me die the Death of the Righteous,*  
*and let my laft End be like his.*

I make no doubt, but the Fanatical Pro-  
 phet, in this Rapture of Zeal, had an Eye  
 to thofe fucceeding Joys, which Death doth  
 hand the Righteous Man unto; thofe endless  
 Pleafures which are referved in Heaven for  
 all thofe that ferve and love their God. But  
 then, though this does chiefly fill his Eye, yet  
 he cannot pafs over the remarkable Difference  
 that is vifible betwixt the Good and Bad, in  
 their Departure hence, without the Index of  
 an Obferving Finger, and a *Nota bene*. As if,  
 were there no *Paradife* for the one to covet,  
 or the other to inherit; yet Providence fhews  
 fuch a diftinguifhing Partiality in their refpe-  
 ctive Diffolutions, that the External Circum-  
 ftances of a good Man's Death may be the  
 Object of a bad Man's Envy: For the pre-  
 faging Fears of this Fore-feer's Doom makes  
 him wifh, only to *die the Death of the Right-*  
*eous*, whatever might become of him after-  
 wards: And therefore he fpeaks like an Atheift,

*Let*

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*Let my Soul die :* (So the Original.)

As if he imagined, that when that vanished, it was only to be incorporated with the soft Air : And yet he could wish that the Formality of that Expiration might be attended with such favourable Junctures, as commonly wait on the *Exit* of a Righteous Person.

אֶתֶּנָּתִי  
'Απεθάνει ἡ ψυχή μου.  
(LXX.  
*Moriatur anima mea.*  
(Vulg.

Let us therefore enquire what signal Indulgences diversifie this common Fate, that Death, which indiscriminately doth pass on all, should be so tenderly inclined to some, that the very Wounds of the last Enemy are no less precious than the Balm of Friendship. And the inseparable Properties of a good Man's Death (for I mean not to speak of privileged Favours, those Raptures and Extasies that fore-stall Heaven, and fill the Soul of some more eminent Saints with Joys unutterable ; the inseparable Properties of a good Man's Death,) are, in the general, such as these.

### I. *The Righteous Person dies seasonably.*

Amongst those many things to which the Preacher doth ascribe a Commodity of Time, an Opportunity, or Season, he begins with these, *There is a Time to be born, and a Time* Eccl.3.2.

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to die ; *i. e.* There is a certain Period which hath some eminent Conveniences waiting on it, well worth a Man's Thanksgiving, and his Praises. Thus *Plato* blessed the Gods, that he was born whilst *Socrates* did discipline the Academy. And this is the Juncture that times a good Man's Death, whether he be removed in his greener, or his grayer Years. He generally, indeed, retires not till his Days be many ; an Old Man, and full of Years :

*Job 5. 26. He comes to his Grave in a full Age, even as a Shock of Corn cometh in in its Season.* For it pleaseth God to bless good Men with Length of Days, that the Gravity of their Persons may give Authority to the Morality of their Precepts. There is a Commanding Air in the Furrows of a wrinkled Brow. There is Influence and Impressions from the Looks of an Hollow Eye, which at one Instance gives both Counsel and Example : For, those that do pretend a Difficulty in the Rules of Virtue, how must they blush to dissemble an Impotency, when Decrepit Age doth lead them : Nor can they question the Prudence, when Hoary Hairs directs them. This is the Motive that induced God to put *Length of Days* in *Wisdom's Right Hand* : And when we have

at-



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attained unto them, what have we more to say, than that of Simeon, Lord, now lettest thou <sup>Luke 2. 29.</sup> thy Servant depart in Peace. Seneca fancied him almost equal to the Gods, the Number of whose Days were just commensurate to his Prosperity. And when we have advanced to a Fulness of Years, happy are they that gently do retire before those Days of Evil come, those Years <sup>Ecc. 12. 1.</sup> draw nigh, when, through the Decrepitness of an over-grown Old Age, we must complain, *we have no pleasure in them.* The mellow Fruit drops down, if we forbear to gather it; and the Hairs that are grown hoary in the Ways of Righteousness, do chearfully resign that Crown of Glory to God's keeping, against the Day that he makes up his Jewels. Thus dies the Righteous, seasonably.

*Par ille est superis, cui  
pariter dies  
Et fortuna fuit.*  
(Herc. Oer.)

But then I must confess, it is not the Portion of each pious Person, to antedate that Crown of Glory which is reserved in Heaven, by reaching this of Gray Hairs here on Earth; for some, like too precious Fruit, are gather'd early. But do we see good Men drop, and that fast, away! I do not love the Omen; for, *the Righteous are taken away from the Evil to come.* <sup>Eccl. 7. 1.</sup> Do the Days look black and

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and lowring? Who would not be glad if God would dispense with his Promise, and wave this Blessing of a long Life; rather than prolong his Days, to see and feel the Evil done under the Sun. It was a Promise made

<sup>1</sup>Chron. 34. 28. to good *Josiah*, that he should be gathered to his Grave in peace; and yet he perished by

<sup>2</sup>Chron. 35. 23. the Hands of his Enemies, in the Flower of his Age: But he is said to die in Peace, be-

*Quod ita requies-  
cens esset in pace (viz.  
mortis) ut illa omnia  
non videret. Aug. de  
sp. & anim. cap. 13.*

cause that timely Sleep prevented his Eyes from beholding and bewailing the dismal Ruins that were then speedily to be executed on *Jerusalem*, and the Temple of his God. *Enoch*,

that pleased God, was the most short-liv'd of all the Patriarchs before the Flood: And *St. Cyprian* makes this neat Reflection on it,

*Hic fuit placuisse in  
conspectu Dei, de hoc  
contagio Seculi meruisse  
transferri. Cypr.  
de Mort.*

That 'tis the Recompence of those that walk with, and by so walking please their God, to obtain the Favour of a more speedy Removal out of the Contagion of a naughty and and defiled World. And, I believe, when ever God takes good Men hence, before they reach Maturity, it is to deliver them from some Evil; which either the Craziness of a weak Constitution, or the Uneasiness of distracting

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fracting Times, or some other Incommodity, which (though unknown to us, yet) was foreseen by him to make their Life a Burden to them. Thus the Righteous die seasonably, even when they seem to die untimely.

### *II. The Good Man dies naturally.*

All Death, indeed, to speak Philosophically, is Natural, in that it is a Separation of the Soul and Body; but here I express myself in the common Phrase, whereby Natural is opposed to Violent: And, I mean, that the pious Person is not forcibly bereav'd of Life, nor sent out of the World by the Outrages of Violence; but dies in his Bed with his Friends about him, and gives up the Ghost through the decay of Nature. I speak only in the General: For that a Man may be constrained on the account of a good Conscience, to change this Mortal Life, for one Immortal; our Martyrologies inform us. Otherwise a good Man's *Exit* is commonly according to the Rules of Nature. There are three ways which forcibly do drive a Man out of the World: The First, is by the Hand of God; the Second, by the Hands of Man; and the Third, by a Man's own Hands: But  
Religion,

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Religion, and the Providence of God do generally preserve a good Man from all such Unhappiness. For,

1. When the Hand of God doth personally animadvert on Man, it is to perpetuate the Infamy of his Guilt by the Severity of his Sufferings, the Singularity of the Judgment, or the Fearfulness of the Example : So *Nadab* and *Abihu*, so *Corah*, *Dathan* and *Abiram* perished together in their Sin. But the good Man is afraid to offend his God ; his Task and Study, wholly is, to please him : God therefore may exercise him, for the Trial of his Patience ; but he cannot, he will not destroy him, for his own Name's sake.

2. When the Hand of Man doth cut this Thread of Life, 'tis either the Injustice of our Actions, or the Heat of our Passions, that are supposed the Occasion of it. (I urge it only in the Thesis, having often advised you, that in a short Discourse, I cannot take notice of Particulars.) But the very Tenure of a good Man's Life, prevents the Possibility of such Occurrences. So far is he from the Designs of Dishonesty, that his Hands are obliged to be employed in Charity ; and so far from exasperating others by unruly Provocations, that

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that *his very Enemies may expect* (because they must have) *his Love*; and *those that curse him, his Prayers*. Thus his Life is safe from the Stroke of Justice, and Injustice too, if Christianity might be admitted to represent unto the Ruffian the Obligation that she lays on her Disciples, to affront no Man.

Matt. 5.  
44

3. Then, For the peaceable Behaviour of his Hands, and that they may not be confederate against their own Life, Religion hath provided the best Security. For she teacheth us Resignation and Submission unto God, whatever the Events of his Providence may be: And by giving us Assurance of his Infinite Mercy, provides against the Injury of melancholy Jealousies. 'Tis scarce possible for a Christian to end his Days through a Resentment of private Discontent, as some think *Achitophel* did: For, if that was the Cause, the Obligation *to prefer one another in the Pun-* Rom 12  
*tilio's of Honour*, would have saved him from 10.  
the Gibbet. Nor will the Magnanimity of our Religion suffer any one to perish by disanimating Fears, as *Zimri* did. Much less i King.  
can the Worm of Conscience sting us to 16.  
death, as it did *Judas* the Traytor, if we throughly understand the Attributes of God,

C

and



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and the Nature of Christianity. Thus the good Man dies, because Infirmities bring all Men to the Grave: But he shortens not his Days, by incurring the Penalties of Justice, through his Dishonesty; nor doth he provoke the Displeasure of an Enemy, by forgetting the Reconciliatory Duty of Forgiveness: He falls not out with himself, through Passion or Peevishness; nor dare he quarrel with his God, by murmuring, and live at Difference with his Maker. But when the Time comes, that he must put off this Tabernacle, and remove his Dwelling, he is gather'd to his Fathers, in the sight of his Children, and passeth out of this World with all the Ceremonies of a solemn Parting, bidding his Friends Farewell, and commending his Bones to the Sepulchre of his Ancestors. Which leads me to the next Thing; which is,

III. *The Righteous Soul dies peaceably and calmly*: I mean it chiefly of his Mind; for, though he may be exempted from that Gasping for Breath, that Tossing for want of Ease, and that Strugling for Life, which often is a Death-bed's Exercise; yet this is no more than what may chance to happen to a wicked Man, the Close of whose Felicity *Job* reckons



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to be this, That *in a Moment they go down to the Grave*; i. e. they do not grapple long with the Agonies of Death, but have a quick Departure. A Death which the Emperor *Augustus* always commended, *Quæ nulla ageritudo pulset fores.* Job 21. 13.  
that might not fright and discompose the Inlodged Soul, with the Groans of her Pangs, and the Throbs of her Convulsions. But, as I think it no great Happiness to be indebted to the Stupidity of our Mind, for the Quiet of our Death; so I shall always wish, my Soul may be found sensible of her Removing. Let her depart in Quiet, but let her know (my God) how near she is her *Exit*. And the good Man's Peace doth wholly issue from the Conscience of his instant Change. He weighs the Circumstances of his present State, searches into the Truth of his Condition; and finds his God appeased, his Trespases cancell'd, his Reward provided; and this not only calms, but ravishes his Spirit. When the Soul is big with this Expectation of Immortality, how will she accuse the Lingring, complain of the Delay, and check the tardy Executioner for his Remissness. Each Moment seems an Age, and each Minute a Century, whilst, seeing Heaven from the Brink

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of Death, she is detain'd absent from the Enjoyment of it. This is the Cause administers him Peace, and produceth his Ease. His Conscience is not wounded with invisible Stings, nor is his Liver gnawed with Worms that never die. There are no mis-giving Frights within his Breast, arising from the Guilt of Sin; no Fears from the Approach of Judgment; no Danger of an Arrest from Hell: And how can he but die in Quiet, and lay down his

Head in Peace. For, *He only hath reason to fear Death, who, never being born of Water, and of the Spirit, is like to be condemned to the Fires of Hell: Let him fear to die, who hath no Interest in the Merits of our Saviour's Passion: Let him fear to die, to whom the First is only a Passage to the Second Death: Let him fear to die, whom Eternal Flames, when he is gone out of the World, will torture with a Perpetuity of Punishment: Let him fear to die, who gaineth thus much by his prolonged*

*Mori plane timeat, sed qui ex aqua & spiritu non renatus Gehennæ ignibus mancipatur: Mori timeat, qui non Christi cruce, & passione censeatur: Mori timeat, qui ad secundam mortem de hac morte transibit: Mori timeat, quem de seculo recedentem perennius poenis ætæna Flamma torquet: Mori timeat, cui longiora longi re censentur, ut Cruciatu ejus & Gemitu interim differantur. Cypr. de Mort.*

*Stay, that his Sighs and Sorrows are the longer respited.* But the good Man, by the Grace of God, and the Benefit of his Religion, is freed from all these Fears; and therefore, when he dies, he dies in Peace. But

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But the Sense of these Comforts, though they be Divine, are Personal, and under the secret Testimony of a Man's own Breast. Let us, in the next place, see, if there be no visible Demonstrations, that are distinguishing Characters of the singular Peaceableness of the Righteous Persons *Exit*.

And *no sooner have they set their House in order, that they may die*, but, with Eyes lift up to Heaven, you shall hear them account the many Beneficences of a Gracious God, the diligent Vigilance of his Providence over them, the bountiful Liberality of his Goodness toward them, the patient Exercise of his Longanimity upon them, and the pardoning Indulgence of his Mercy to them. Thus *Jacob*, at the Article of Death, upon his blessing *Joseph's* Children, begins with the Commemoration of what God had graciously perform'd for his Person; *The God*, saith he, *which fed* Gen. 48.  
*me all my Life long, unto this Day; the Angel* 15, 16.  
*which redeemed me from Evil, bless the Boys.* So *Moses*, blessing the same Tribe, makes mention D. ut 33.  
of him that appeared to him in the Bush. And 16.  
the Recollection of experienc'd Favours must be to dying Persons, the most comfortable Assurances of God's Eternal Mercy. But I go  
on::



on: Did you ever hear a dying Man expressing his Faith in Christ, applying to himself the Promises of the Gospel, instancing the Love of his God, and the boundless Depth of his Compassion? Did you ever hear him making Confession of his Creed, summing up the Evidences of the Truth of his Religion, and glorying in the Purity of his Faith? Did you ever hear him remitting his Brethren their Offences, cancelling Injuries and Wrongs, and forgiving Trespases with the same Integrity that he doth beg of God to be forgiven? Did you ever hear him darting up Prayers to Heaven, begging for Assistance in his great and last Need, and calling on his Redeemer, with a *Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly?* And I appeal to your selves, if his dying Cries, his faulting Words, his hoarse Ejaculations, were so regretful to your tender Hearts, as to fright you from the Sides of his Bed, or the Groans of his Sighs? No! His setting Eyes, his trembling Lips, his quivering Voice, could not prevail with you to withdraw from the comfortable Sound of those sweet Expressions, which are always attended with a merciful Dole.



For the Righteous Person, when he comes to die, bestows his Blessings upon those are near him. So died the Patriarchs, so do good Men die. And what greater Earnest of the Blessedness of those that leave this World can we expect to have, than to hear them leave their Blessings amongst us; reserving only their last Breath, to commend their Souls unto that God that gave them. And such as these must

IV. *Die lamented.* It was a Solemnity among the *Jews*, and other Nations too, to express the Affection they had for their departed Friends, by hiring Women, skilful in Mourning, to lead the Lamentation. Indeed, the moderate Concern of a Friend, is a becoming Testimony to departed Vertue; but the Solemnity of a good Man's Funeral will excuse his Friends the Expences of that foolish piece of Vanity: Nor yet can it want the utmost Circumstances of the Formality; for the Sense of his Worth, and our Loss, will water his Tomb, not with Artificial, but unfeigned Tears. Who can reflect on the indearing Passages of his Life, his Benevolence and Friendship; his wholsom Counsels, and healing Advice; his Brotherly Love, and diffusive Charity,

rity, and (when bereft of these) not drop a Tear, to lament their own Loss, were it possible for them to forget his Merits? I could never subscribe to that of *Ennius*, who would

*Nemo me lacrymis decoret neque funera fletu.*  
*Faxit.* Cic de Senect.

Jer. 22.  
18, 19.

have no Acquaintance to lament his Obsequies; for I find it a Judgment threatened to *Jehoiakim*, that he should

have no one to lament his Fate, saying, *Ah, my Brother! Ah, my Lord! or, Ah, his Glory!* Through want of which, he is supposed to be buried, only with the Burial of an Ass. Perhaps the Poet thought his Works would be immortal; and, from a Persuasion of the *Pythagorean*

Horat.  
Car. 1. 2.  
Od. 20.

*Transmigration*, had the Vanity to conclude, (as his Followers have done) that his Person would be so too. But, surely, *Solon's* Wish was far the better, who could desire his Friends to cool his Embers with Drops of Sorrows, that those might be a Testimony of their Unwillingness to part with him. And there is one Version of the Words of my Text, I mean the *Samaritan*, that plainly points at this last

שְׁמִי יִשְׁמַח וְשִׁמְחָה אֶת־לִי  
pro שְׁמִי יִשְׁמַח videtur legisse  
גִּישָׁה שְׁמִי יִשְׁמַח d. du-  
cebant a שְׁמִי canere, de-  
cantare; hec enim שְׁמִי  
שְׁמִי sign.

Friendly Office; for thus that renders it, *Let me die the Death of those that are praised, or celebrated; respecting those mournful Elegies which were design'd to work the*  
Universal

Universal Train that did attend the Funeral, into a Sympathy with their Condolements. But then, though weeping Eyes are a just Tribute to conspicuous Piety, yet Religion forbids Excess of Sorrow, and immoderate Grief; because that trespasseth upon our Hopes, and sullies the Faith of a joyful Resurrection. It allows us the Affections of Men, yet reminds us of the Duty of Christians. It permits us to weep for our Loss, but not to blur with our Tears the Brightness of their Glory.

These are the distinguishing Favours granted to the Righteous, which make all dying Wretches to desire their Death. And these I take to be the singular Privileges which made the wicked Prophet wish, *that his last End might be like theirs.* Balaam, deprived by God of his rich Faculty of Cursing, and considering, like the Master of the *Pythonefs*, that the Hopes of Acts 16. his Gain was gone; begins to reflect on the <sup>19</sup> Circumstances he stood in; and finding himself in a strange Land, he conceits that he may die there, and then he shall die unseasonably: Seeing the Armies of *Israel* threatening *Moab*, he fears that he may perish by their Sword; and then he dies unnaturally; then being conscious to himself of the manifold Sorceries  
D that

that he was guilty of, he feels that he can never die with a quiet Mind: And the Counsel that he gave to *Balak* being more fatal to *Israel*, than all his Curses could be, and yet, at the Command of God, bringing on *Moab* their victorious Arms, he finds that he must die hated by both, and therefore unlamented; and the Presage of this makes him cry out, *Let me die the Death of the Righteous*. But that is too great a Favour for a wretched Hypocrite; yet in one Sense he shall have his Wish; for the ordinary Gloss from *Origen* thinks, that in these Words; he utter'd a Prophecy of his own De-

*De se prophetare videtur. Nec enim intra ipsos, sed ab ipsis meritis est. Gl. Ord. & Nic. Lyr.*

Numb.  
31. 1.

struction; in that, though he died not the Death of the Righteous, yet he died a Death by the Hands of the Righteous; for the Children of *Israel* slew him with the Sword. In vain do Men expect the Rewards of Righteousness, whose Lives can merit nothing but the Wages of Sin. There is one thing yet behind, that consummates the Felicities of a Righteous Man's Death; and that is,

V. *Their Death is blessed, for they now rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.*  
 Rev. 14. Their Toil and Troubles all are ended, their  
 13. Grief and Sorrows are concluded, their Mi-  
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fery and Anguish have met with a final Period, *for the last Enemy is to them destroyed.* But here I have too large a Subject to engage upon; let me dismiss it therefore, when I have said, that their Felicity shall be as great, and their Blessedness as large, as Omnipotence thinks fit to make it, or their Capacities can receive it. There rest sweet Saints, in expectation of that glorious Day, when Soul and Body being again united, Heaven, if it be possible, shall be more charming than before.

Thus dies the Righteous; and thus this Honourable and Vertuous Lady, whose Obsequies we now solemnize, did leave this World. I intend not to make a Noise with the Antiquity of her Family, though all that hear me know, I have Scope enough. For such Harangues are a great Disparagement to the Pulpit, but a far greater to the Memory of those they would extol; for they plainly shew, there was no other Merits to make a Flourish of; else they would never borrow Topicks from the Pomp of this World, which in their very Baptism they so solemnly renounced. To apply my Discourse therefore to the Occasion:

How seasonably, with respect to the Num-



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ber of her Years, this deceased Lady did leave the World, her Age, which was old, tho' vigorous, will plainly intimate ; and how opportunely, with respect to the Place of her Departure, her late Return amongst us, after some Years Absence, doth as plainly signify: Providence as it were fore-casting, that she should meet the Comforts of a Righteous Death, in that same Place where she had enjoy'd the Pleasures of an Innocent Life ; and that they who had been Partakers of her Hospitality whilst she liv'd, should be the sensible Mourners of her Death. God was pleased to take her to his Mercy in the common Way of an ordinary Disease, an Acute Fever : But with what Calmness, both of Mind and Body, she departed hence, her Devotion (whilst her Understanding was unprejudiced) is a Testimony of the one ; and the Disease it self, which rather would deprive her of her Senses, than suffer her to feel the Pains, is Evidence of the other. I need not add, she dies lamented ; for the Tears in so many Eyes, and the Sadness upon all Countenances, are sorrowful, but lively Expressions of it. When we call to mind the flourishing Condition of a Neighbouring Seat ; with what a becoming Freedom, and judicious Prudence,

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all things were manag'd there; what obliging Tempers, candid Deportment, and winning Behaviour we met with there; and consider how great a Share she bore in that Concern, we must be so just to her Memory, as to admire her Conduct. Not a reproachful Word; no, nor an unwelcom Look, the meanest that came there did meet with. With what a singular Discretion she manag'd what is the hardest Task of the Female Oeconomy, the Behaviour to a Daughter-in-Law, you all can witness: There was a mutual Endearment, and dutiful Correspondence, honourably maintained betwixt them, whilst they lived together. I will say nothing of her Conjugal Affection to that Great Man, whose Relict she was; she hath left a lasting Monument thereof, which will survive hers, as well as his Funeral. What Tendernefs she shew'd unto her Children's Children, would require almost as much time to relate, as Days have pass'd since her Son's Interment; there being few, but what have some Mark, or other, of her Generosity to them. She took care to avoid (what the Debauchery of the Age hath made too Modish) the Avenue to all Temptations, Idleness and Effeminacy. Seldom could you see her, but her Work was  
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near her ; and tho' she sometimes would divert her self with a little Recreation, yet her Work it was, that seem'd, not half so much her Business, as her Pleasure. Her Service for her God, and the Convenience of it, was that which brought her, in her last Days, amongst us : And how sincerely she perform'd it, her frequent Attendance at the Altar, as well as Pulpit, will inform you. As she was a Member of, so was well grounded in, and steady to the Principles of the best of Churches. And tho' I would not injure the Memory of her pious Husband, by suspecting him to be less fix'd in the Church, that he had made his Choice, and not his Chance ; yet I am well satisfied, that her unshaken Resolutions did help to prevent many a Shock, with which the Friends of his Person, but Adversaries of his Faith, would have otherwise assaulted him. This Faith she held most firm unto the End, dying with the same Devotion that she lived ; and lifting up her Hands, when she could not her Voice, unto the God of Heaven.

Thus dies the Righteous ! And, Blessed *Jesus*, may our last End be like his. If it be thy holy Will, crown our Years with Hoary Hairs ; and when the Time of our Departure doth

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doth approach, gather us unto our Fathers in Peace; and for those mournful Friends we leave behind us, recompence us with the Society of the First-born in Heaven; and then *shall we ever be with the Lord.*

Tell me, you that hear me, if this be not a Temptation, rather than an Invitation, for every one to lead an holy Life. How pleasing will it be when you come to die, (and die you must) to lie down in Peace, and sleep in full Assurance of a glorious Resurrection. Religion makes the meanest of her Votaries to happy, that they who hate the Strictness of their Lives, do yet desire the Comforts of their Death. Foolish Men! What God hath joyn'd together, you cannot put asunder. *Do Men gather Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thistles?* Can the Stream be clear, that runs from troubled Fountains? Or can that Mind be calm, that has a working Conscience? No; *Balaam's* Life, will have *Balaam's* Death; and the Works of Sin, the Wages of Sin. But this Subject doth require another Treatise. To close all therefore:

Let us, in fine, observe the distinguishing Characters of these dying Men. Here is one affrights me with his hideous Sighs and Groans,  
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his Howlings and Cries, his Shrieks and Woes; as if he was in the very Mouth of Hell, and in the Gripes of Devils. There is another transports me with such devout Ejaculations, sweet Strains, and ravishing Anthems, that I can believe no other, but that he is just entring into the Choir of Heaven, and going to joyn Confort in the Hymns of Angels: Would a Wish therefore serve the turn, there is not a Soul in Hell, but would have cried out, *Let me die the Death of the Righteous.* But this is the Time, that God laughs at their Calamities, and mocks because their Fears are come. You therefore that have Oil in your Lamps, and Marrow in your Bones, let the Light of one shine forth in your Lives, before the other be laid to dry within your Graves. Walk as Children of the Light, before those Days of Darknes, which are many, that Night over-cast you, when you cannot work. Live as the Righteous, that you may die as the Righteous, and your Last End be like his: An End, that shall never have an End. *To which blessed End, God, of his Infinite Goodness and Grace, bring us all, through the Merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour. Amen.*

Prov. 1.  
26.

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